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TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

—Let list'ning sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale.

FAULKNER:

SOMETIME during the summer of ninety-eight, Charles Westerville left his father's house in London, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of a romantic situation in the north of England, where his father, a rich merchant, had recently purchased a small estate, delightfully situated amid the most charming part of that highly picturesque country.

Charles was rather of a melancholy disposition, and an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature; he brought no companions but his German flute, and a few favourite authors, among which were the enchanting works of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Thompson and Young. But his principal favourite, as being most congenial to his disposition, was Warton's *Enthusiast*, which he could repeat by memory. Oft would he wander, before sunrise, reciting this charming little poem, till overcome with sensations which he really felt, with what ecstasy would he repeat the following apostrophe:—

All beauteous nature! by thy boundless charms

Oppress'd, where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn the ecstatic eye; how ease my breast,

That pants with wild astonishment and love!

WARTON.

At a little distance in the back grounds was a romantic dell, formed for solitude, through which meandered a serpentine rivulet, shaded on each side by irregular plantations, of tall beeches; and higher up the hills were several copses and shrubberies here and there interspersed by variegated clusters of wild flowers, which grew spontaneously on the shaggy banks; the whole made vocal by the wild strains of nature's choristers, which were the only inhabitants of this delightful retreat. Towards the west the prospect terminated in a ridge of lofty mountains, whose tops reached the clouds; and the opening of the sea to the east, where the eye could readily discern the ships as they rode at anchor, or sailed in quick succession through the azure expanse, while, at intervals, the distant voices of the mariners dying in the gale, made it altogether one of the most pleasing situations imaginable.

One evening, Charles had retired, with a Milton in his hand, to this romantic retreat, and, tempted by the agreeable scenery, insensibly wandered a much greater distance up the vale than he had heretofore done. The prospect he beheld amply compensated for some unpleasant sensations which he could not suppress, and which apparently predicted something of consequence to his future happiness. In ascending the hill, he was agreeably regaled by a variety of images, inexpressively beautiful: at a trifling distance, above a clump of trees, rose the spire of the village church;—more to the right, discovered a few scattered hamlets, from whence issued the jocund sound of rustic festivity; the last departing tints of the setting sun illuminated the tops of those shaggy mountains: below, was a delightful view of his favourite dell; while the reflection of the moon on the glassy surface of the ocean, and, withal, the melancholy gloom of the surrounding objects, inspired such sensations as he had never before experienced. For some time he contemplated this delightful prospect in silent admiration; at length, sitting down on an inviting hillock, he broke out into this soliloquy:—

“Alas! could my dear father but be sensible of the pleasure which I just now feel, he would not, certainly, so peremptorily insist on my acting such a conspicuous part in the busy theatre of mankind! What are the gilded prospects of wealth and titles in competition with happiness, and the ineffable satisfaction of self approbation? I have where withal to be content; sufficient to purchase the necessities, nay, even the luxuries of life: but my sordid father——.”

“Cease, young man to upbraid the partiality of an indulgent parent,” said a voice more than human, Charles im-

mediately felt the force of the expression, and, inwardly stung, was retiring with a glow of ingenuous shame upon his cheek; when Mr. Manfield (for that was the stranger's name) sprang forward, and with a most affectionate look, apologized for such an unseasonable intrusion. The village clock struck nine as they were entering into conversation.

“Pardon me,” said the good pastor, “but that is the signal for my departure.

My parishioners are already waiting my return; for at this hour we generally offer up our united praises to that God who has preserved us “through this day's life and death.” Though our acquaintance has been so short, yet I feel an irresistible impulse, to press your becoming one in our little party. I trust the moments will not be ill employed.* Charles, who was never remiss in duty to his maker, readily accepted the invitation. As they entered a little neat garden, he was surprized on perceiving a small white-washed house embosomed in trees, and almost grown round with ivy and woodbines; at the same instant he overheard the sound of a lute, and a delightful voice accompanying it with Pope's “Vital Spark.” The effect was beautiful in the extreme, and Charles felt it sensibly; but the anticipating attention of his new friend relieved his anxiety:—

“’Tis only my daughter Louisa, who frequently amuses herself upon that instrument.”

By this time they had reached the summer-house from whence proceeded the sounds. Mr. Manfield observed to her, it was past nine---a summons which she immediately obeyed; and curtsying to Westerville, who was already prepossessed in her favour, he felt an unusual embarrassment, which occasioned him to return the salutation, a little awkward-

ly. There was a softness and delicacy in her features which moved him exceedingly, and, withal,

"—That expression sweet of melancholy
"Which captivates the soul;"

and, being so congenial to his own feelings, it operated on his susceptible heart with peculiar energy.

They had now reached the place of their devotions, which was a little room fitted and solely appropriated to the purpose; at one end was an organ half concealed by a green silk curtain, to prevent Louisa, who was the organist, the awkwardness of an exhibition. The form began with a voluntary solemn and pathetic in the highest degree: Westerville, whose feelings were ever alive to the impressions of music, felt it sensibly. The prelude introduced a hymn, which spoke the goodness of God in sending his only Son as a propitiation for our sins. The little band joined with such fervency, that Charles was affected even to tears; but they were tears of joy. After the solemnity was over, Westerville again felt the force of sympathy; for the simple villagers departed with such exquisite expressions of tenderness and friendship, that it quite unmanned him. In this delicate situation, Mr. Manfield invited him to partake some refreshment. Westerville followed in silence, for his expanded heart was too full to thank him; which the former perceiving, it recalled the sympathetic tear adown the wrinkled cheeks of the good old man.

Hail! endearing spirits of Love and Sympathy! from whom proceed all the delightful sensations of sensibility, and all the soft effusions of the heart! Ye alone can inform the feelings---Ye who can inspire such thrilling raptures of ecstasy, by what exquisitely fine spun tendrils of sympathetic attraction congenial souls are drawn together!

During the simple repast which Louisa prepared for Westerville, he made himself known to Mr. Manfield.---"A passion" he said for solitude, and the rural scenery of this romantic country, induces me to spend most of the summer in this delightful situation."

Louisa's eyes met his, and reciprocally caused a painful confusion not easily recovered. Mr. Manfield (for he had competent knowledge of human nature) kindly relieved their mutual distress by offering Charles a bed, for whom he had already conceived a very favourable opinion.

After some little conversation, in which Miss Manfield's good sense shone with peculiar lustre (for she had the most general knowledge of any woman I ever knew) the family retired.

Westerville could not efface the pleasing idea of Louisa from his memory: he saw a thousand nameless perfections which discovered the beauty of her mind; her temper was rather serious than gay, though at the same time tinctured with the most pleasing cheerfulness. From her infancy she had indulged an unusual disposition for books and solitude; and her chief amusements consisted in cultivating those mental pleasures which gave a zest to our affections: she possessed the most artless sensibility, and such moving tenderness of soul, that, from the first moment he beheld her, he felt his feelings agitated by a sensation unknown before.

"'Twas but yesterday," said he, "I did not know that such a being existed; and now my happiness is so interwoven with her's, that I cannot live but in her presence."

He tried to sleep; but Morpheus fled his couch: the image of Miss Manfield still hovered over his imagination. Soon as the morning began to break, he arose

to view the garden through which he had passed the preceding evening. The shrubs and flowers, perfumed by the tears of Nature, exhaled a balmy fragrance inexpressively pleasing: while the pellucid dew drops, illumined by the rays of the rising sun, shone pendent from innumerable boughs; and the shrill notes of the soaring lark conspired to raise such exstatic sensations as the sluggard never experiences. The half shut door, where he had first met Miss Manfield, seemed to invite his entrance. On a small table covered with green, lay Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, open at that affecting tale so feelingly told in the latter part of his Complaint: an unfinished painting lay near, which discovered, for "her heart was apt to feel," all the mingled emotions which Aspasia experienced when she heard the fatal tidings of Lysander's death.---Westerville "felt it seen."

Leaving the summer-house, he pursued a path which led to the opposite side of the garden, thro' a little wicket, into a rustic glen bedecked in all the simplicity of Nature, where he discovered the rivulet dashing in foaming cascades down a steep bank, and gurgling over the rocks as it ran in lucid mazes through the valley, overhung on each side by tall shady trees, which half-darkened the path, and inspired a kind of melancholy enthusiasm not unpleasing to the mind of sensibility; the blackbirds and thrushes were ever and anon chaunting their strains of wild melody. Westerville sat down on a broken rock, and, taking out his flute, increased the general harmony with all the blandishments and graces of that enchanting instrument.---Whilst he was amusing himself in playing Handel's Water-piece, he was suddenly surprised with the morning salutation of Mr. and Miss Manfield, who were taking their accustomed recrea-

tion; it was a walk so perfectly in unison with Louisa's feeling, that she generally preferred it. After apologizing for interrupting Westerville, Miss Manfield entreated him to oblige her with another performance, as she was particularly fond of the instrument; assuring him, at the same time, that it had a most delightful effect; for echo reverberated the strain among the mountains and vallies a thousand mellifluous melodies. Charles obeyed, and attempted "How imperfect is expression, some emotions to impart!"

Louisa felt the words in every strain, which caused a momentary hectic to shoot across her countenance. Westerville saw her perturbation, and substituted a lively little air.

As they returned, Mr. Manfield pointed out the most beautiful prospects, to which Westerville listened with particular attention. Whether it was the morning's peculiar disposition of light and shade which threw additional tints over the scenes, I know not; but to Louisa they had never before appeared half so lovely.

After breakfast, Charles took his leave, with a promise of calling in the afternoon. On his return home, he could think of nothing but Miss Manfield, she alone occupied his whole attention; and he found his heart so tenderly attached to her, that he determined to ask Mr. Manfield's leave to solicit her affections.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depth of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only subdued by time.

About two months since, an Elephant which had been shown at Boston, was most shamefully and wickedly shot by some unknown monster while on a journey with his keepers in the state of New-Hampshire—which circumstance has given rise to the following article from Niles's Weekly Register, printed at Baltimore, on the

DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

THE murder of the Elephant, if we may be allowed the expression, has excited an uncommon degree of public sensibility. There is something in this animal extraordinary and imposing; something that commands our affection and reverence. Next to man he stands, in dignity, in the class of animal nature. His gigantic form, his irresistible strength is compensated by the mildness and docility of this noble animal. Unlike man, he never exerts his superior strength, unless for the purpose of self-defence. Fearless and intrepid, he stands the attack of the tiger, and lays his proud adversary at his feet with one blow of his tremendous proboscis. Yet this courage, not to be daunted by so formidable an adversary, submits to the superior genius of man; he become tributary to the comforts of his master; his courage, his strength, his skill, all passively submit to the control of man—he kneels at his command, receives the burden upon his back, comes and goes at the command of his master, receives with gratitude the smallest favors from his hand, favors which he more than repays by his unconquerable fidelity in his service—he fights his battles, and cheerfully pours his blood when commanded. Wantonly to shed the blood of so noble, so grateful, so heroic an animal, what is it but to abuse that dominion which was imparted to man by the benevolence of the Almighty. He claims here alone, and by divine right too, hereditary jurisdiction. All animals

crouch to him in homage, or fly with fear from that face which once wore the stamp and impression of the Deity! But how shamefully was this divine prerogative abused, in the murder of this Elephant. It was not done in self-defence, for this noble, docile creature, never wantonly attacks—it was not done for sustentation of life, for the flesh of the victim furnishes no gratification to the palate. It was coldly, malignantly, ungratefully and wantonly done; it was done as it were to show how unworthy we were of divine benefits, and to mark the difference between the Creator of man and the being that was formed after his image. Unworthy representative of God upon earth, he delights in pain; delights to witness the contortions of agony, and to diffuse misery as extended as his empire; how unlike that Sovereign who suspends the sun in his firmament, and lights up in such gay and fantastic colouring the whole vegetable race for the gratification of man. Probably this very assassin might have visited the Elephant; he might have been clashed with tenderness by the proboscis of this merciful and unsuspecting animal; a clemency which he repaid by perforating his brain with a bullet! Which of these two shall we designate as the nobler animal?

Let us trace some of the properties of this gigantic being: they are well worthy of enumeration. He seems to possess, in some measure, a calculating power. This we infer from the following fact, which we witnessed. He was confined in a small and uncomfortable place, where a temporary shed was erected for him. The weather was extremely hot, and the sensibility of the poor animal had been frequently tortured by the cries of distress proceeding from a dog belonging to his master, on whom the visitants inflicted pain, to

witness the distress of his gigantic protector. At every cry the Elephant would groan ; and when the dog was admitted to his presence again, he would pass his foot slightly over the back of the animal, as if he endeavoured to soothe his sufferings. Having been often irritated in this manner, the animal grew furious and ungovernable at last, and his proboscis flew in rapid circles, denouncing vengeance on the persecutors of his humble friend. He repeatedly smote with his trunk the boards that formed his prison : he first touched them with the extremity of his proboscis, by way of ascertaining the strength of his confinement : finding the resistance still effectual, he rolled it into a partial knot, and struck a harder blow—this assault was likewise unsuccessful ; the coil was redoubled, and the assault made with augmented violence, but not sufficient to demolish his prison walls. Repeated experiments of this kind were made, and at every abortive effort the size of the weapon of offence and the strength of the blow was redoubled. At length, gathering up his proboscis into a circular compact knot, he smote the wall with all his might, and the boards flew like feathers before the blast, and he stood at once emancipated and enlarged. Here was a just and mechanical calculation of force ; for the same strength might have been applied in the first onset, and what we should have expected would have been done, from the irritated state of this formidable animal. Yet, exasperated as he was, he did not lose his presence of mind, but calculated the quantity of force necessary to effect his enlargement. His generous friendship for the dog was of a character truly surprising. Patient, mild and forbearing under personal injuries, as if conscious of the plenitude of his might, he

would not suffer with the same quietude an injury offered to this humble friend. Confined, as he once was, in a ferry boat, for the security of the passengers, they deemed that this dog might with impunity be assaulted. Some of those busy and meddling race of animals, who are the annoyance of all company which they frequent, must needs witness the disinterested sufferings of this animal. They began to torture the dog, and the cries reached the ears of the Elephant. Resentment is fertile in finding out means of annoyance, and so it was proved on the present occasion.—The assailants were beyond the reach of his trunk, but the water was near. Extending his proboscis into the river, he absorbed great quantities into his chest, which he immediately emptied through the same channel, into the boat. He began to work leisurely in the business of drowning the whole company at first, apparently not apprehending any counteracting exertion : but when he observed two hands employed in bailing the water out, who at length became alarmed for their safety, he redoubled his exertions, pouring larger quantities of water and with more rapidity, in his drafts, as if determined to accomplish his object. The men employed to bail the water were obliged to redouble their alacrity also ; but in this strange contest for superiority, the boat reached the land before the victory was decided. Thus was the safety of a whole company put in jeopardy by that busy and impertinent race of idlers, who seem to enjoy no other pleasure but in afflicting pain on their fellow men. This fact we have from one of the company, who was a trembling witness of the spectacle. How wonderful was the docility of this noble creature ! How often has he, as if endeavouring to show with what dexterity the animal next in

dignity to man could imitate the actions of man, how often has he uncorked a porter bottle, with the skill of a tapster, and then, as a satire on wine bibbers, emptied the whole contents at a draught!

(To be concluded in our next.)

HEALTH.

Guard the dear boon—for know, that rosy health,
Exceeds of either IND the treasur'd wealth.

THOUGH an attention to the art of regaining lost health is properly the province of the physician, no one ever preserved it long, or enjoyed it entirely, who did not himself pay some regard to its safety. But the greatest sublunary bliss is often treated with indifference while present—and when once gone, no care, no attention can always recal it.

The young, borne on the wings of ardent hope, and eager in the pursuit of pleasure, often draw so largely on the fund of health, that they become bankrupts, before they reach the noon of life; and thus entail misery on a vast number of days, by the imprudent expenditure of a few hours. But can such complain that nature is unkind, when the fault resides wholly in themselves?

There are, indeed, some constitutions so extremely delicate, some habits so excessively irritable, that it is almost impossible to pass through the changes of seasons, and to fill up any place in society, without feeling the frame affected, or the mind unhinged, however carefully the one may be guarded by temperance, and the other by reason. Such persons are sincerely to be pitied, because they are born to be unhappy; and inhuman must that heart be, that will not endeavour to alleviate those ills which defy cure, and

can only be palliated by the attentions of friendship, and soothed by the tenderness of love. But delicacy of constitution, and excessive sensibility of mind, may, with proper precautions at an early age, be meliorated, though they cannot be wholly overcome. The body may be strengthened by moderate and regular exercise, and by a prompt attention to those minute springs that actuate the human machine. The mind also may be diverted from brooding on ills, by indulging in harmless gaiety and cheerful society. This, indeed, will not lessen its susceptibility, but it will render its sensations more diversified. Of this the valetudinary may be assured, that whatever increases the vigour of the frame, gives also a greater degree of tension to the mental powers; for matter and mind, by the laws of their inseparable union, act reciprocally on each other.

But it is to the young I address myself. "Ye who now feast on the blissful fruition of health: ye who are just entering on the exercise of all your faculties, fresh and unimpaired, and promise yourselves years of enjoyment, pause for a moment, before you determine on your course of life, and reflect, that ye may not be deceived! In every thing avoid excess; and let temperance be your constant guest. View with horror the mad jollity of intoxication—appreciate the dignity of man; and never sink to the nature of the beast. Value health as the first good: and never wantonly forfeit it by the momentary pleasure, nor think that when once impaired, it may be recovered with ease.

"See that sallow complexion, that death like eye, that faltering step, in the very opening of manhood. Know, that wretched being was too eager to enjoy; and surfeited at the feast, which

might have satisfied for years. He rises from the table with regret—he repents of his folly—but repentance is in vain—he still covets, though he cannot enjoy—and with the natural love of life, is mixed the hope and the fear of death. His course is not naturally run; but he is suddenly arrested in his career. He looks forward to the goal he might have reached—and sinks into the arms of despair.

“Observe that cripple, tottering on crutches, with scarcely a foot he dares to print on the ground. His features are contorted with pain—the gout preys on his joints—the stone racks his loins. At intervals of ease he affects jocularity—the next moment he writhes with agony; yet he was once the pride of festivity, and the president of mirth. ‘He lingered ’gag at the wine,’ he kept the table in a roar. He broke a jest as often as he emptied a glass. He toasted his friends, till he could not distinguish them from his foes. His constitution gave him repeated admonitions that it could not bear him through, if he did not desist. It was strong, but it would not submit to be abused—it would be a servant, but not a slave. It argued and warned in vain; and being now broken by intemperance, reproaches him for his imprudence, and shrinks even from frugal enjoyments. He has doomed the remainder of his life to misery—and, perhaps, left hereditary disease, as the unalienable portion of his posterity.

“Such views ‘feelingly convince us what we are.’ Are you startled at the picture—does your bosom pant for happiness—has old age and comfort charms? learn to avoid excess—and early limit the delusions of joy.

“The *mens sana in corpore sano* is all that a wise man should really covet of temporal goods, or can fully enjoy.

This cannot be bought with wealth, nor will it listen to the solicitations of pomp. In this respect, Providence has been impartially just. All ranks are alike qualified for the fruition of health—and none can be happy without it. What is indispensably necessary to the well-being of all, is in general equally distributed among all creation’s sons.”

IRONY.

RULES FOR POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

To tell your dreams and other whimsies of your brain has a delightful effect in company, and comes with particular grace from an old maiden aunt or cousin.

In the same way, long histories of battles, murders executions, which happened in your remembrance, gives an agreeable variety to conversation.

If you should be required to sing in a convivial party, the good old ditties of Robin Hood, or Death and the Lady will serve admirably well.

In all conversations, studiously avoid brevity.—If you have a good thing to say, the more you make of it the better; never mind people yawning, they encourage that practice through mere envy.

If a person, for whom you bear any respect, hesitates in conversation, and says I want a---a---a---, interrupt him, with I know, my good fellow, what you were going to say, though at the same time you know nothing at all about it.

It is very amusing to perplex any one by reviving some affair that does not altogether appear to his advantage; as, for instance, entering into a long history of crim. con. to a man who has recently parted with his wife, or a dissertation on the striking of a docket to a man who was lately a bankrupt.

If you be a man of fortune, mixed with a tolerable portion of assumed

consequence, and, at the same time, wishing to display your wit, invite some dependant to dine with you; no matter what his talents, so that he be poor, and in some degree at your command; in that case, play upon him, like a musical instrument, during the time he is partaking of your bounty. Should he have spirit to retort, by some haughty expressive look, convince him of the humble situation in which he is placed; giving broad hints, that if he does not put up with the display of your infinite humour, that he shall not be again invited to the honours of your table.

IF I WAS HE.

AN! what if you was? Why I would do so and so. No, sir, under the same circumstances, you would do just like him, or worse.

"If I was a minister," says a well meaning parishioner, and had as little to do as most ministers have, I would study my sermons better; I would not come into the pulpit without a sermon, and have to make one as I go along; nor would I preach one of Blair's."

"If I was a lawyer," says a farmer, "I should not have the face to ask three dollars for a word of advice. But suppose, sir, you had spent five hundred pounds in qualifying yourself to give that advice?"

"Neighbour such a one has a farm—he owns a large stock of cattle—but he lives wretched in his house. His wife is a drezzie—his floors are an inch thick with dirt—his tables and chairs are covered with grease. If I was he, I would put things in better order, or I'd know the reason why. Alas, poor man! wait till you have a slut for a house-keeper and then you'll change your tune.

"If I was such a one," says a young man, "I would not marry such a lady;

for depend on it she will be a Xantippe. If I was he, I am sure, I could not love her."

"If I was a married man," says an old bachelor, "I would govern my children, or I'd know the reason why. There is neighbour such a one, who suffers his children to do all manner of mischief; and if a word of reproof is uttered, the little fellows laugh in his face." Bachelors' children are always well governed.

What a pity that since the world is so bad, this Mr. I, who is so wise and benevolent, cannot turn into every body, and correct every body's vices and follies---then change from every body into I again, and correct I's own vices and follies.

From the Catskill Recorder.

"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

THERE is an appointed time for man upon earth, and our days are rapidly hastening to their close.

"Our life is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste, the instant they take fire."

The summer of *another* year is ended--- We have gathered in the fruits of the field, to support us during the rigours of the inclement season. We have laid up treasure on earth---have we been as solicitous to lay up treasure in heaven? Have we manifested that heavenly mindedness, by suitable expressions of gratitude to the beneficent giver of every good and perfect gift? And while on the other hand his judgments have been abroad in the earth, have we learned righteousness---receiving them as chastisements, thereby evincing that we are his sons?

To many, the summer of *life* is ended. Happy if they have improved the fleeting seasons! Those who have neglected the great end of their existence,

have lived thus far in vain. They have slumbered while they should have been up and doing; have been sinking deeper and deeper into destructive prejudice and hardness of heart; continually adding to the enormous weight of their transgressions.

And finally, let us fear lest our summer of *privilege* and *grace* shall shortly come to a close. To many of us, alas! it may be already ending. This was the case with the rebellious and impatient posterity of Abraham, when the prophet groaned forth his desperate lamentation. Let us then look towards his holy temple, that it may not be the fate of our souls poignantly to reflect-- "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Brief Scripture Remarker.

AN IMPORTANT CAUTION.

LADIES who are accustomed to wear their dresses extremely low in the back and bosom, or off the shoulders, are particularly requested to beware of a person who has for some time past frequented all places of public amusement, and many private parties. He is an elderly gentleman, of venerable appearance and correct manners. His constant practice, when he observes a lady dressed in the manner above described, is, with an almost imperceptible and apparently accidental pressure of a little instrument which he carries in his hand, to imprint the following words upon her back or shoulders--*Naked but not ashamed.*--The stain is like that produced by lunar caustick; washing will not remove it, and it becomes more visible by exposure to the air; so that nothing but a covering can conceal it. It is said that several ladies were marked last summer at various places of fashionable resort, and that they cannot,

even now, strip for company, without displaying this indelible badge of disgrace.—*London pap.*

VARIETY.

A person speaking of Buonaparte's vast extent of empire, an Irish sailor exclaimed, "By my troth, my dair fellow he hasn't as much *ground* on the *ocean*, as will make him a *potatoes garden*."

The "*Nain Jaune*," (a French paper) contains several humorous paragraphs, such as the following; "Some people see every thing through a dark medium; in France the police behold every thing through a tricoloured medium. An individual was some time ago crossing the *Thuilleries*, when it was remarked that he wore white stockings and red waistcoat. So far there was nothing positively seditious; but unfortunately it was the month of January, and our gentleman was so very cold, that the extremity of his nose was entirely blue. This circumstance proved decisive; he was immediately arrested, interrogated respecting his stocking, his waistcoat, and his nose, and the business ended with sending him to one of those prisons where thousands of the factious are shut up.--M. de Cazes, the minister of police, has decided, that this person is not to be set at liberty till the spring, for the purpose of teaching him what it is to have a blue nose in winter."

CHAMELEONS.

Every one has heard the schoolboy, spouting, "Oft has it been my lot to mark" Many consider the reptile there described as altogether fabulous, and used only for the purpose of exposing a conceited, pertinacious traveller; but a late writer has added his testimony to the reality of its existence and powers.--

"Chameleons are very common in the gardens of Rosetta, and upon the Island in the midst of the river, (Nile) where we procured two, that lived with us until we finally left Egypt. These were large, and of a most vivid green colour when first taken. Afterwards their ordinary appearance was that of a common lizard, and we found as they became unhealthy, that their power of changing colour diminished. Indeed this effect is seldom rapid or instantaneous. It seems always the result of sudden apprehension or surprise, when the poor defenceless animal, having no means of resistance, gradually assumes the colour of some substance over which it passes, being thus provided by Nature with the means of concealment. Frogs and toads appear to possess this quality in a certain degree, although it may have escaped the observation of naturalists. After these reptiles have remained a certain time upon a recently turned border of earth, their color so much resembles that of the soil that they are not easily perceived; and sometimes among grass, when alarmed by the sudden approach of any other animal, they assume a greenish hue."—*Port Folio*.

SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR!

The following story is recited in the Baltimore American from an English paper:—

"In a garrison in England, in the night, a person was suddenly taken very ill, and the doctor had no other method of giving relief but to send to his store at some distance for the requisite medicines; for this purpose, he employed an old woman to execute this commission. In order to protect herself from the night air and to prevent her candle from going out, she covered herself with a blanket: having occasion to pass near to a sentinel on his post,

the soldier looked with amazement and terror at the approaching figure, and his bewildered imagination converted the lady into the devil, with a long tail, cloven feet, and belching red hot flames from her mouth. Suddenly he threw down his musket, and took to his heels, loudly crying that he had seen old Satan coming to take him soul and body! He actually died by the fright in about a quarter of an hour afterwards. Yet this man had served with reputation in all the wars in the Peninsula, and had fought at the battle of Waterloo."

When Lord *Jefferies*, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, pushed the matter very home on the side he swore of. *Jefferies*, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Hark you fellow in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing? To which the countryman smartly replied, faith, sir, if you had no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might even wear a leathern doublet too.

A sailor who was amazed by the tricks of a juggler at Chester, was blown up with the rest of the auditory, by a spay of a candle reaching some gunpowder in the lower apartments. *Jack* was safely landed in a cabbage garden at some distance, and, when, he had quietly reseated himself, his first exclamation was "D---m me, what will this fellow do next?"

CONVERSATION.

For small talk something at a loss,
Says Jemmy Jinks to Caroline Cross,
"Dear Miss, I wish to know as how
If your good mother keeps a cow?"
"My mother, Sir," the lass rejoined
"Ne'er kept a creature of the kind,
But I have known some people laugh,
Because your mother keeps a calf."

Seat of the Muses.

MR. ORAM,

The following elegant and impressive stanzas were the composition of an *American*, and written in the year 1743. They were for a time handed about in Manuscript, and at length found their way into one or more of the English Magazines, and in them were wrongfully ascribed to a Mr. *Spalding*, of Bath. I have seen the original manuscript, with the author's corrections, interlineations, &c. from which the copy I now send you is taken—It may be added, the verses were written in Edenton, N. C. and were particularly occasioned by a great and alarming mortality from an infectious fever, which prevailed there in the summer and autumn of 1743.

STANZAS

ON SEEING A HUMAN SKULL.

THIS Preacher, silent yet severe,
Proclaims mortality to man;
Thou like this emblem shalt appear
When time has measured out thy span.

Here once was fix'd the dimpled cheek,
And from this sallow naked crown
The curling honours, long and sleek,
Fell light and negligently down.

This part once fortified the brain,
The seat of sense in ages fled,
From whence might flow the raptur'd strain
Or truths by sacred science bred.

Here hung the lips, that once could smile,
And here were fix'd the orbs of light—
Extinguish'd now, corrupt and vile,
Suffused in everlasting night.

Behold! the sockets' empty space
Affrights the yet perceiving eye,
And spreads pale horror o'er the face,
Of all that live, alas! to die.

Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By dust defiled, of earthly hue,
Those teeth that age vouchsaf'd to spare,
A useless and a mouldering few.

Gay friend! here hung the listening ear!
That fed the soul with sense by sound,

Here the loquacious tongue, and here
The nose by this unseemly wound.

These, all, held converse with the soul,
Mysterious work of heavenly skill;
Clay, join'd to spirit, form'd the whole,
And quicken'd dust obey'd the will.

God call'd the life he lent away,
The dust returned from whence it came,
The spirit left the stifling clay,
And death dissolv'd the wond'rous frame.

Be witty, mortal, bold and free,
Yet own thy knowledge centres here;
Ere long thy scalp, like this shall be
Not worth the sordid sexton's care.

This once, perhaps, a statesman's schemes
For envied wealth and power, contain'd;
Where now are all his flattering dreams,
And whose the mighty sums he gain'd!

Perhaps some gay Virginian wore
This scalp, in courts, with youthful pride:
Alas! Virginia hears no more
The flow of words that wit supplied.

Perhaps, with cunning quibbles fill'd,
'Twas once a lawyer's—arch and dry—
To obviate every claim, tho' skill'd,
He paid one debt—condemn'd to die!

Perhaps, some haughty Beauty's charms
Adorn'd this bone with white and red—
No more the nymph the world alarms,
The lilies and the roses fled.

Perhaps, for wealth rever'd, renown'd,
Slaves to this scalp submissive bow'd;
Now disregarded, in the ground,
The beggar tramples on the proud.

What cause has mortal man to boast
Of transient knowledge, wealth, or
power?
The summons comes! our breath is lost,
And all is nothing in an hour.

All, all must pass this dreary road,
To dust and silence, cold and gloom;
All rest in one obscure abode,
The dwelling of the world—a tomb.

O THOU, whose gift is life—bestow
Yet more in virtue and in truth;
And lead us thro' this vale of woe,
Resign'd to Thee in age or youth—

Sustain us in the mortal hour,
For then 'tis thine alone to save ;
And may we triumph in thy power
Immortal Victors o'er the grave.—

THE BIBLE.

WHEN o'er Creation's works I look,
Or read in nature's lovely book,
In all I view, in all I find,
Displays of the eternal Mind.
But when my spirit longs to trace
The wonders of redeeming grace,
The Bible only can impart
The cheering prospect to my heart.
Its pages can alone reveal
The conflicts and the hopes I feel,
Depict the joys of endless day—
Point out the road, and mark the way.
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, by sin oppress,
This, this alone can cheer my breast,
Remove my doubts, dispel my fears,
Console my heart, and dry my tears.

Jesus ! in this blest book of thine,
I love to see thine image shine :
By this instructed may I be,
Increasingly conformed to Thee !
Whene'er I turn its pages o'er,
Thy loving-kindness to explore,
Thy spirit's influence impart,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.
And while thy holy precepts give
The best instructions how to live,
May they direct my wand'ring way
Up to the courts of heav'nly Day !

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

Addressed to Miss E. F. of Newtown (L. I.)
on her forgiving me an alleg'd accusation.

"Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind."

THOMPSON.

How true it is, as Poets tell,
"That pity dwells in forms most fair ;"
And tho' a passion may rebel,
Still will sweet mercy nestle there.
Altho' some mad'ning veil may hide,
The genial warmth the day-star gives,
And bursting clouds on whirlwinds ride,
Yet still, unscen its radiance lives.

But when again it lights anew,
And wraps up every former shade ;
Each glance appears then doubly true,
Which absent long the spell hath made:

'Tis so resplendant light, the smile
Buds on the cheek with pity kind ;
And tho' it wholly died awhile,
It lives again within the mind.

But oh, far dearer is the thought,
Of female love to share a part ;
To hear the words with friendship fraught ;
"Yes, I'll forgive with all my heart.

Then would I say, since 'tis forgiven,
And anger's frown must fly its gall ;
May the *kind fair* still find me even,
Nor to her friendship breathe farewell.

No, for the heart must senseless be,
That would not shield a female sigh !
And I will keep it while I live
Nor e'en forsake it when I die.

ROLLA

THE DOVE.

Written by WILLIAM MAXWELL, esq. of
Norfolk, Virginia

"O! tell me where the dove has flown,
To build her downy nest ;
And I will rove the world alone,
To win her to my breast."

I sought her in the rosy bow'r,
Where Pleasure holds her reign,
And Fancy flies from flow'r to flow'r,
But there I sought in vain.

I sought her in the grove of Love ;
I knew her tender heart ;
But she had flown : the peaceful Dove
Had felt the traitor's dart.

"Upon Ambition's craggy hill,
The pensive bird may stray."
I sought her there ; but vainly still ;
She never flew that way.

Faith smil'd, and shed a tender tear,
To see me search around ;
Then whisper'd, "I can tell thee where
The bird may yet be found.

"By meek Religion's humble cot,
She builds her downy nest :
O! seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast !"

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1816.

Intelligence.

The British naval force destined against Algiers is said to consist of 5 sail of the line, 8 heavy frigates, 8 sloops of war, and 4 bomb vessels. The Dutch and Neapolitan squadrons, are expected to co-operate. They sailed from Portsmouth the 28th July.

The Algerines, apprised of the hostile intentions of the British, were, by the last accounts, making great exertions for defence—were removing all their treasures to the interior; and had expressed a determination to sacrifice all their seaport towns, rather than submit to the demands of the Christians.

An earthquake, unusually severe, was felt at Martinique the 15th August last, which excited great alarm among the inhabitants.

A Spanish armed brig, called the Diamond, who had sailed from the Havana on the man-stealing business on the coast of Africa, with a crew of 50 men, having been dismasted in a gale of wind, was driven in distress on the coast of North Carolina, and finally lost on Cape Romain, the 28th of August last, where, melancholy to relate, 30 of the crew, with the officers, perished.

A Privateer called the Congress, capt. Almeda, belonging it is said to Baltimore, under the Carthaginian flag, has captured off Cadiz, where she cruised for about a month, 24 prizes, the value of which is estimated in a Cadiz paper, at nearly *three millions* of dollars. The vessels were from the Havana, and principally laden with sugar, cochineal, and dollars.

Late accounts from England give a gloomy picture of the harvest, especially the hay harvest, in consequence of the heavy rains that have taken place in that country.---*Here, we have suffered for the want of it.* However, this want seems now to be an end, as it has rained incessantly, day and night, since Monday morning last to the present time.

A Wilkesbarre (Pen.) paper of Aug.

30, speaking of a bridge, of nearly 800 feet that is to be erected across the Susquehanna, observes, "It is a source of the highest gratification, to observe the spirit of improvement which is extending itself through the interior of our country. Wilds, where only a few years since, the noise of the owl and the wolf were heard, have given way to cultivated fields; and extensive turnpikes are opened, where the warrior's lone path wound its serpentine way through the forest. The visions of poetic fancy could with difficulty imagine a greater change, than a few of the last years have produced in the northern and western parts of Pennsylvania and New-York. Six years since there was not a bridge over the Susquehanna in its whole course from the northern boundary of Pennsylvania to its mouth; and in one year more it may boast as many bridges as the Rhine, which has washed the feet of imperial cities for two thousand years."

A letter from Laguira (via Baltimore) to a gentleman in this city, dated August 1, 1816, says "I have been informed by an American gentleman here, that on the 20th July he was at Caraccas, that thirty of the republican soldiers were marched a little distance from the city and coolly put to death—that two of their generals were *quartered*, and their amputated limbs exposed on the public roads! On that very day there was the shock of an earthquake.

"It is awful to behold the ruins of the city, occasioned by former convulsions, and the hundreds of human skulls and bones of the unfortunate creatures who were crushed to death.—We had thought that the atrocities of the royalists would cease—since it was understood that Bolivar had given orders to stay all unnecessary cruelty. But the government here is absolute—and the people are not allowed to practise (as, indeed some of them are inclined to do) the offices of humanity."

A Vienna article of June 29---states, that a great fire which broke out at Hohenmouth, destroyed 205 buildings, in spite of the most active exertions to extinguish it. Several public establish-

ments and the finest fruit gardens were a prey to the flames. A violent and continued rain afterwards increased the distress by undermining in a great part of what remained standing.

An article from Madrid, dated July 2, says "It appears certain that the Count del Abisbal, with an army of 12,000 or 14,000 men, the best Spanish troops, are in motion to embark from Cadiz for South America.

The Treasurer of the American Bible Society has acknowledged the receipt of donations, amounting to 11,130 dollars, and of life subscriptions amounting to 1350 dollars.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

Some days since, an inhabitant of this city, who was on business in Piscataway, tied his horse near a *bee-hive* at the house of a farmer, while he went some distance in a field to view cattle. The bees commenced a warfare on the horse, when the alarm being given by blowing a horn from the house, the owner of the horse returned with every expedition, and found the bees settled in swarms and covering the head and neck of the horse; the agonies of the noble animal (and he was a noble one of the kind) are described as truly piteous; he had given up resistance, and stood motionless, with his head bowed down to his hoof; --all attempts to rescue him proved unavailing, the bees attacking with fury every person who approached: --when at length the horse was relieved by the killing of the bees, he survived only a few hours.---It is truly astonishing, when we contemplate the victory over so formidable an animal as the horse, by such an apparently insignificant foe as a swarm of bees; it ought, however, to prove a caution against the practice of tying horses in the vicinity of bee-hives.---*New-Brunswick Times.*

FIRE.

The mills at Red Hook, L. I. were burnt down on Wednesday night about midnight. The flames cast such a radiance that the city bells rang an alarm, and the people in the upper end of the town thought the lower or southern part was on fire.---*Col.*

We understand the commanding officer in the Mediterranean fleet has been authorised to notify the Dey of Algiers, that he must acknowledge the treaty or expect an immediate war. His refusal, we are informed, will amount to a declaration of hostilities.---*National Reg.*

A slight shock of an Earthquake, was felt in this city and vicinity on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. John Hannah, to Miss Margaret S. Garrick of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr Zadock Seely, to Miss Thirsa Seely.

By the rev. Mr. Bourke, Mr. Thomas Fotheringham, to Miss Ann Smith.

By the rev. Mr. Ketchum, Mr. Thomas I. Reynolds, to Mrs. Eliza Longley, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay Mr. Samuel Machett, to Miss Sophia K. Ludlum, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Samuel Grundy, Seedsman and Florist, to Miss E. Darand.

At Troy, on the 10th inst. by the rev. Ralph Westervelt, of Greenburgh, Mr. John Moffat, merchant of this city, to Miss Rachel Brinckerhoff of Troy.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 126 persons in this city for the two last weeks, ending on the 7th inst.

DIED.

Mr. Josiah H. Kipp, son of Mr. James W. Kipp, aged 32.

Mrs. Hannah Jenkins, wife of Mr. James Jenkins, aged 44.

Mr. Asher Corlis, aged 25.

Mrs. Ann Foster, wife of Mr. Andrew Foster, aged 41.

Mr. Court Went, aged 65.

Miss Elizabeth La Forge, aged 29.

Frederick Rutgers Ogden, son of Abraham Ogden, in the fifth year of his age.

At Albany, Gen. Henry K. Van Rensselaer, aged 72.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

A PERSON, generally known by the name of *Captain Grant*, whose extraordinary endowments rendered him competent to achieve much good or evil, after having escaped, by means which appear miraculous, from various gaols, was some time since lodged in that of Maryborough, the capital of Queen's county. Here, being abundantly supplied with money, he treated the prisoners with such good things as the place afforded; and repeatedly told the Sheriff, as well as the numerous persons whose curiosity induced them to visit him, that he would elude their vigilance, in defiance of every exertion they could make. The discovery that he had cut his irons nearly through, leaving only sufficient remaining to keep them together, and the substitution of others of similar weight and thickness, did not appear to disconcert him: he laughed at the zeal of the officers of the detachment, which had induced them to take lodgings opposite the gaol, as a measure of increased security. The night after the immense irons were put on him, he cut through them, and thro' those of 23 other men, charged with capital offences; and, rushing forward at their head, knocked down two soldiers stationed in the passage, then the turnkey, and his assistants; and opening the door, the key of which he had seized, knocked down two soldiers who were at the outside of it, and taking their arms, as he had done those in the passage, ran down the street, with six of his associates, crying, 'stop thief,' till the darkness of the night rendered the pursuit unavailing. On the first alarm in the prison, a man, confined for debt, and who was taking tea with the gaoler, ran into the passage, and with great presence of mind shut the iron gate, by

which means the flight of 16 of the felons were fortunately prevented, and they were remanded to their former quarters.—The escape of Grant was almost immediately proclaimed throughout the country by his depredations. The night after, he carried off Mr. White's coach horses from Scotswrath, between Montrath and Abelaix; he committed a robbery near Waterford, 60 English miles distant; and returning with nearly equal rapidity, plundered the house of Mr. Horan, close to Maryborough, of every article of value, as is his general practice. He is sometimes numerously attended, and on other occasions only by one or two.—He observes, that he never broke into any house, but that he walks into all, which is literally the case; for he depredates at night-fall, when persons are off their guard, and by the time his business is accomplished darkness favours his escape. So general is the alarm occasioned by this extraordinary delinquent, that most of the houses in the Queen's county, and many in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford, are barricaded at dusk, and till the following morning scarce any circumstance could occasion a door to be opened in a district so justly celebrated for hospitality, and still so animatedly alive to it.—At one of the houses visited a few days since by Grant, attended by 12 men, well armed, 'the Captain' amused himself at the piano forte, whilst tea was preparing, and his associates were packing up all the things they conceived worth being carried off.—*Dublin paper, May 23, 1816.*

NEW-YORK.

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